

SECRET SERVICE BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865 THE PLAY BY WILLIAM GILLETTE; BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH COPYRIGHT 1912 BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and another is dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federal army makes their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond. Edith Varney secures from President Davis a commission for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond. Capt. Thorne tells Edith he has been ordered away. She declares he must not go and tells him of the commission from the president. He is strangely agitated and declares he cannot accept.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Mitford's Intervention. The captain stared after her departing figure; he listened to her footfalls on the stairs, and then came to an instant resolution. He would take advantage of her opportune withdrawal. He turned back to the table, seized his hat, and started for the door, only to come face to face with another charming young woman, who stood breathless before him to his great and ill-concealed annoyance. Yet the newcomer was pretty enough and young enough and sweet enough to give any man pause for the sheer pleasure of looking at her, to say nothing of speaking to her.

The resources of an ancient wardrobe, that looked as though it had belonged to her great-grandmother, had been called upon for a costume which was quaint and old-fashioned and altogether lovely. She was evidently much younger than Edith Varney, perhaps just sixteen, Wilfred's age. With outstretched arms she barred the door completely, and Thorne, of course, came to an abrupt stop. "Oh, good evening," she panted, as soon as she found speech; she had run without stopping from her house across the street.

"Good evening, Miss Mitford," he answered, stepping to one side to let her pass, but through calculation or chance she kept her position at the door. "How lucky this is!" she continued. "You are the very person I wanted to see. Let's sit down and then I'll tell you all about it. Goodness me, I am all out of breath just running over from our house."

Thorne did not accept her invitation, but stood looking at her. An idea came to him. "Miss Mitford," he said at last, stepping toward her, "will you do something for me?" "Of course I will."

"Thank you very much, indeed. Just tell Miss Varney when she comes down—just say good night for me and tell her that I've gone."

"I wouldn't do such a thing for the wide, wide world," returned Caroline Mitford in pretended astonishment. "Why not?" "It would be a wicked, dreadful story, because you wouldn't be gone."

"Mamie Jones!" said Thorne. "Why, that was last Thursday, and now I have got orders, I tell you, and—"

"But Caroline was not to be put off. "Now, there's no use talking about it," she said vehemently. "Yes, I see that."

"I don't know anything about any other. These are mine."

"Well, but this time—"

"This time is just the same as all the other times, only worse; besides I told her you would be there."

"What's that?" "I say she expects you, that's all."

"Who expects me?" "Why, Edith, of course; who do you suppose I was talking about all this time?"

"Oh, she expects me to—"

"Why, of course, she does. You are to take her over. You needn't stay if you don't want to. Now I will go and tell her you are waiting."

"A new dress? Well, I should think so. These are my great-grandmother's mother's wedding clothes. Aren't they lovely? Just in the nick of time, too. I was on my very last rags, or, rather, they were on me, and I didn't know what to do. Mother gave me a key and told me to open an old horse-hair trunk in the attic, and these were in it."

"Upstairs, I think. I am afraid she can't come. I have just come from her room." Mrs. Varney continued as Caroline started to interrupt, "and she means to stay here."

"I will see about that," said Caroline, running out of the room. Mrs. Varney turned and sat down at her desk to write a letter, which evidently, from her sighs, was not an easy task. In a short time the girl was back again. Mrs. Varney looked up from writing and smiled at her.

"You see it was no use, Caroline," she began. "No use," laughed the girl; "well, you will see. I didn't try to persuade her or argue with her. I just told her that Captain Thorne was waiting for her in the summerhouse. Yes," she continued, as Mrs. Varney looked her astonishment; "he is still here, and he said he would take her over. You just watch which dress she has on when she comes down. Now I will go out there and tell him she'll be down in a minute. I have more trouble getting people fixed so that they can come to my party than it would take to run a blockade into Savannah every fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Varney looked at her departing figure pleasantly for a moment, and then, with a deep sigh, resumed her writing, but she evidently was not to conclude her letter without further interruption, for she had scarcely begun again when Wilfred came into the room with a bundle very loosely done up in heavy brown paper. As his mother glanced toward him he made a violent effort to conceal it under his coat.

"What have you got there, Wilfred?" she asked incuriously. "That? Oh, nothing; it is only—say, mother, have you written that letter yet?"

"No, my dear, I have been too busy. I have been trying to write it, though, since I came down, but I have had one interruption after another. I think I will go into your father's office and do it there."

She gathered up her paper and turned to leave the room. "It is a hard letter for me to write, you know," she added as she went away. Wilfred, evidently much relieved at his mother's departure, took the package from under his coat, put it on the table, and began to undo it. He took from it a pair of very soiled, dilapidated, gray uniform trousers. He had just lifted them up when he heard Caroline's step on the porch, and the next moment she came into the room through the long French window. Wilfred stood petrified with astonishment at the sudden and unexpected appearance of his young beloved, but soon recovered himself and began rolling the package together again, hastily and awkwardly, while Caroline watched him from the window. She coldly scrutinized his confusion while he made his ungainly roll, and, as he moved toward the door, she broke the silence.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Varney," she said coolly. "Good evening," he said, his voice as cold as her own. "They both of them had started for the hall door and in another second they would have met."

"Excuse me," said Caroline, "I'm in a hurry."

"That's plain enough. Another party, I suppose, and dancing."

"Well," she answered, with a queer look at him, "that was different."

"And ever since you threw me over—" he began. "I didn't throw you over, you just went over," she interrupted.

"I went over because you walked off with Major Silsby that night we were at Drury's Bluff," said the boy, "and you encouraged him to propose. You admit it," he said, as the girl nodded her head.

"Of course I did. I didn't want him hanging around forever, did I? That's the only way to finish them off. What do you want me to do—string a placard around my neck, saying, 'No proposals received here. Apply at the office?' Would that please you any better? Well," she continued, as the boy shrugged his shoulders, "if it doesn't make any difference to you what I do, it doesn't even make as much as that to me."

"Oh, it doesn't? I think it does, though. You looked as if you enjoyed it pretty well while the Third Virginia was in the city."

"I should think I did," said Caroline ecstatically. "I just love every one of me. They're the ones that propose. I don't. How can I help it?"

"Oh," said Wilfred loftily, "you can help it all right. You helped it with me."

"Well, she answered, with a queer look at him, "that was different."

"And ever since you threw me over—" he began. "I didn't throw you over, you just went over," she interrupted.

"I went over because you walked off with Major Silsby that night we were at Drury's Bluff," said the boy, "and you encouraged him to propose. You admit it," he said, as the girl nodded her head.

"Of course I did. I didn't want him hanging around forever, did I? That's the only way to finish them off. What do you want me to do—string a placard around my neck, saying, 'No proposals received here. Apply at the office?' Would that please you any better? Well," she continued, as the boy shrugged his shoulders, "if it doesn't make any difference to you what I do, it doesn't even make as much as that to me."

COMMERCIAL Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Dun's says: "High temperatures throughout most of the country curtailed retail distribution somewhat, while the holiday accentuated slightly the prevailing dullness in most wholesale lines. Needed rains in the agricultural regions have improved the crop outlook and harvesting of winter wheat is progressing under ideal circumstances."

Bradstreet's says: "Most measures of trade volume and progress make satisfactory comparisons with a year ago, a period of political excitement and hesitating trade. Bank clearings for June and the six months show fractional gains over last year; there were fewer failures in June than in any month for two years past, and the six months' aggregate is below that of 1912, although a few large failures have swelled liabilities above last year. The really new features of the week are mainly favorable."

Wholesale Markets:

NEW YORK.—Wheat—July, 98%; September, 97%; December, 100%. Corn—Export grade quoted at 69 1/2 nominal f o b, adroit. Butter firm. Creamery extras, 27 1/2 @ 27 3/4; firsts, 26 @ 27; seconds, 24 1/2 @ 25 1/2; state dairy, finest, 26 @ 27; good to prime, 24 @ 25 1/2.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat, winter wheat on track at \$1.00 @ 1.02 as to quality and location, and No. 1 Northern Duluth, in export elevator, at \$1.00 @ 1.01 1/2.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat, No. 2 red, 82 1/2; special bin steamer, No. 2 red, 89; stock steamer, No. 2 red, 88; rejected, stock, 83; drier rejected, 78. Small bag lots, by sample, as to quality and condition sold at 75, 77, 78, 82, 83, 83 1/2, 85, 86, 87, 88, 88 1/2 and 90 per bu.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Cattle, choice, \$8.50 @ 8.75; prime, \$8.20 @ 8.40. Sheep, prime wethers, \$4.90 @ 5; culls and commons, \$2 @ 3; lambs, \$5 @ 8; veal calves, \$9.50 @ 10.

CHICAGO.—Hogs, bulk of sales, \$8.75 @ 8.85; light, \$8.65 @ 8.85; mixed, \$8.60 @ 8.90; heavy, \$8.40 @ 8.85; rough, \$8.40 @ 8.55; pigs, \$6.75 @ 8.65.

KANSAS CITY.—Hogs, bulk \$8.70 @ 8.75; heavy, \$8.65 @ 8.75; packers and butchers, \$8.70 @ 8.75; light, \$8.70 @ 8.75; pigs, \$7.75 @ 8.40.

Sheep—Native mutton, \$4 @ 5.25; yearlings, \$5.25 @ 6.60; lambs, native, \$6 @ 7.75.



"Cut Those Off," He Said.



She Barred the Door Completely.

ADVISED TAKING OF CANADA

Benjamin Franklin's Counsel to British Government Resulted in Capture of the Dominion. Benjamin Franklin, the first American philosopher and the first American diplomat, was not, as Mark Twain averred, "twins, born simultaneously at Boston and Philadelphia," but as the change in the calendar from old style to new came after his birth at Philadelphia on January 8, 1706, according to the reformed almanac he was born on January 17. In 1759 Franklin was in England as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania. Previous to this, though little known, it was mainly by the advice of Franklin that the English government resolved to conquer Canada, and for that purpose sent out Wolfe's expedition. It was in 1759 that Franklin made a journey from London to Scotland, of which in a letter written to a Scotch friend, he used these words which have ever endeared him to the Scot: "I think the time we spent there was six weeks of the densest happiness I have ever met with in any part of my life, and the agreeable and instructive society we found there in such plenty has left so pleasing an impression on my memory that, did not strong connections draw me elsewhere, I believe Scotland would be the country I should choose to spend the remainder of my days in."

Our lives are truly at an end when we are loved no longer.—Landon.

That Kind.

"And do you want to employ a lawyer?" asked the prisoner. "Yes," replied the prisoner in the cell. "I'll send one in to you."

Time.

Time works wonders, but that is probably because he never struck for an eight hour day.—Puck.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. PORTNEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Office South of Court House.

H. B. SPANGLER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, Pa. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Orider's Exchange Building.

Peon's Valley Banking Company CENTRE HALL, PA. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier. Receives Deposits... Discounts Notes...

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Scientific American. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son (Successors to J. H. Grant & Co.) THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST. Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS. H. O. STROHMIEIER, CENTRE HALL, Pa. Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE... MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite.

BOALSBURG TAYLOR BOALSBURG, PA. AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR. This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Rooms and board for such occasions prepared on short notice.

OLD PORT HOTEL EDWARD ROYER Proprietor. Location: One mile south of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY, VETERINARY SURGEON. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones. Oct. 1912.